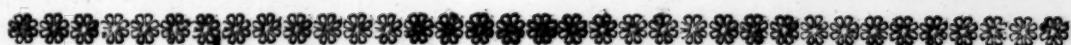


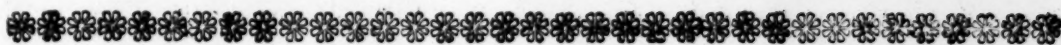
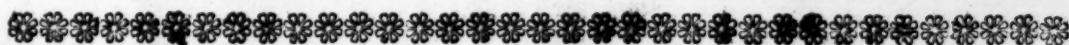
A N
O D E

Occasion'd by

Some late Successes at S E A.



Imitated from H O R A C E.



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Some into Successes at Sea.

THE HON. MR. SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY
WHITE HALL, LONDON.



RECEIVED

1871

THE HON. MR. SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY

WHITE HALL, LONDON.



A N

O D E.

THAMES, when of late his swelling Tide
 In golden Triumph bore
 Proud *Gallia's* Barks extending wide
 Along the deafen'd Shore,
 The River-Monarch bade the Tumult sleep,
 And sooth'd with gentler Joys th'attentive Deep.

ODE XV. Lib. I.

*Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
 Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam,
 Ingrato celeres obruit otio
 Ventos, ut caneret fera*

Lead on, to yon safe Tow'rs lead on,
 Secure your Trophies bear ;
 Secure, tho' angry Nations frown,
 And found redoubled War ;
 Tho' in stiff League united BOURBON stand,
 To wrest the Trident from BRITANNIA's Hand.

Alas ! How chafes the LOIRE, and SEIN !
 What quick, what fierce Alarms !
 Whilst EBRO sends his lagging Train,
 Yet once more urg'd to Arms :
 To Arms in vain are pour'd the countless Host ;
 In vain, should joint Armadas spread the Coast.

*Nereus fata. Mala ducis avi domum,
 Quem multo repetet Græcia milite,
 Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
 Et regnum Priami vetus.*

*Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
 Sudor ! quanta moves funera Dardaniæ
 Genti ! jam galeam Pallas, & ægida,
 Currusque, & rabiem parat.*

Tempted by unexerted Pow'r,
 Bold in permitted Ease,
 They impotently scorn the Shore ;
 And meditate the Seas :
 Britain's tough Oak, and Guardian-Flames defy,
 And hope one constant Privilege-----to fly.

What, mark they not, where BEDFORD stands
 Unshaken in his Trust ?
 Where ANSON joins his sage Commands,
 Alike to Valour just ?
 In Toils unwearied, to each Climate known,
 Crown'd with fresh Wreaths, and Honours nobly won.

*Nequicquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,
 Pectus cæsariem ; grataque fæminis
 Imbelli cithara carmina divides.*

Nequicquam thalamo graves

*Hæstas, & calami spicula Gnoſſii
 Vitabis, ſtrepitumque, & celerem ſequi
 Ajacem. Tamen, heu ! ſerus adulteros
 Crines pulvere collines.*

*Non Laertiaden, exitium tuæ
 Gentis, non Pylium Neſtora reſpicias ?*

SANDWICH, with kindred Ardours warm'd,

Afferts the Naval Care ;

SANDWICH, with ev'ry Virtue form'd

To manage Peace, or War.

There's WARREN too, their close-pursuing Pest,

Rapid and brave, as when He scour'd the *West*.

See, where He drives, the trembling Foe

As Wolves from Lions, run !

But for Defence, ah ! whither go,

Their Harbours scarce their own.

Now would avail them, to prescribe the Way

Our Winds shall blow, and where our Navies stray.

*Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucer, te Stbenelus sciens*

*Pugnæ : sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
Nosces : ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides, melior patre.*

*Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.*

Not far the Time, when *Britain's* Fleet,
 Her Ire in Thunders hurl'd,
 Bespeaks both *Gauls* - - - "Here bound thy Seat,
 "Be mine the watry World ;
 "Mine, to dispense, like Heav'n, the plenteous Spoil,
 "Whilst either *India* grows on *British* Soil.

*Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
 Matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei.
 Post certas hyemes uret Achaicus
 Ignis Iliacas domos.*

F I N I S.



Not far the time when Britain's Fleet,
Her lie in thousands built,
Beside both ends -- "Herald and the Song,
"Be mine the way World;
"Mine, to disperse, like Heaven, the plantations of oil,
"Whilst either land grows on Britain's Soil.

It is not the power of the
Machinery of the world
But the power of the human
That is the power of the world.

